

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. How long will a man lie i'th earth ere he rot?

Clow. Fayth if a be not rotten before a die, as we haue many pockie corfes, that will scarce hold the laying in, a will last you some eyght yeere, or nine yeere. A Tanner will last you nine yeere.

Ham. Why he more then another?

Clow. Why sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that a will keepe out water a great while; & your water is a fore decayer of your whorson dead body, heer's a scull now hath lyen you i'th earth 23. yeeres.

Ham. Whose was it?

Clow. A whorson mad fellowes it was, whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay I know not.

Clow. A pestilence on him for a madde rogue, a poured a flagon of Renish on my head once; this same skull sir, was sir *Yoricks* skull, the Kings lester.

Ham. This?

Clow. Een that.

Ham. Alas poore *Yoricke*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite iest, of most excellent fancie, hee hath bore me on his backe a thousand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is: my gorge rises at it. Heere hung those lypes that I haue kist I know not howe oft, where be your gibes now? your gamboles, your songs, your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roare, not one now to mocke your owne grinning, quite chopfalne. Now get you to my Ladies table, & tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fauour she must come, make her laugh at that.

Prethee Horatio tell me one thing.

Hora. What's that my Lord?

Ham. Doo'st thou thinke *Alexander* lookt a this fashion i'th earth?

Hora. Een so.

Ham. And smelt so pah.

Hora. Een so my Lord.

Ham. To what base vses wee may returne *Horatio*? Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of *Alexander*, till a find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hora. Fwere to consider too curiously to consider so.

Ham. No faith, not a iot, but to follow him thether with modesty enough, and likelyhood to leade it. *Alexander* dyed, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to dust, the dust is earth, of earth vvee make Lome, & why of that Lome whereto he was conuerted, might they

Prince of Denm

they not stoppe a Beare-barrell?
Imperious *Cesar* dead, and turn'd to Clay
Might stoppe a hole, to keepe the wind
O that that earth which kept the world
Should patch a wall & expell the waters f
But soft; but soft awhile, here comes the
The Queene, the Courtiers, who is this
And with such maimed rites? this doth
The corse they follow, did with desprat
Foredoe it owne life, twas of some estat
Couch we a while and marke.

Laer. What Ceremonie els?

Ham. That is *Laertes* a very noble ye

Laer. What Ceremonie els?

Doct. Her obsequies haue been as fa
As we haue warrantie, her death was do
And but that great commaund ore-sw
She should in ground vn sanctified be
Till the last trumpet: for charitable pra
Flints and peebles should be throwne
Yet heere she is allow'd her virgin Cra
Her mayden strewments, and the bring
Of bell and buriall.

Laer. Must there no more be doone

Doct. No more be doone.

We should prophane the seruice of th
To sing a Requiem and such rest to he
As to peace-parted soules.

Laer. Lay her i'th earth,

And from her faire and vnpolluted flo
May Violets spring: I tell thee churli
A ministring Angell shall my sister b
When thou lyest howling.

Ham. What, the faire *Ophelia*.

Quee. Sweets to the sweet, farewell.
I hop't thou should'st haue been my H
I thought thy bride-bed to haue deck
And not haue strew'd thy graue.

Laer. O treble woe